

# Unyielding Temptation

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## *Part 1*

Imagine a godlike being with the power to shape worlds, galaxies, and universes. An ominous figure of unimaginable power, with a mind capable of grasping anything: a force beyond human comprehension and a will that cannot be stopped by anything in the known universe. The first image that comes to the human mind is perhaps that of a giant, with a body so large that it dwarfs solar systems and planets. This is a being that could, if it so desired, travel from galaxy to galaxy, even across time, as if it were but a speck of dust on a map. A being so powerful that it can control the destiny of every single living creature...

All that potential was trapped in the body of a young woman named Arryn. She was an orphan, born in a small town called Winterheaven, a gray and boring place with only one thing that made it remarkable: a casino. All those who had been blessed with luck would come to the casino, and the riches accumulated there helped to keep the small town's economy afloat, although no one seemed to really care. Most people were more interested in the casino and the money that they would gain than the welfare of the small community, a fact which did not bother Arryn much, as she was more focused on herself and her dreams than the lives of others.

Her mother was of Japanese origin, a rare beauty who had arrived in the small town from the Kitsune Islands in search of a better life, something that was impossible to achieve in her homeland at that time. If only she knew how rapid and fast the development of Kitsune Islands was going to be, she might have been a very wealthy and important woman if she stayed for a little longer. She had long, silky black hair, eyes so dark you could almost see the universe reflected on them, and porcelain skin, an exotic vision for those who lived in the gloomy town.

Arryn's father, on the other hand, was a mystery. Arryn's mother met him not long after arriving and fell in love and had a child. Sadly, the man left her the day she gave birth and was never seen again. Perhaps he was scared and thought that being a father was not what he really wanted, or maybe he was not even ready for a serious relationship to begin with. Arryn's mother didn't survive the childbirth, dying a few minutes after giving birth to her daughter, leaving the newborn all alone, and without anyone to take care of her.

Fortunately, a nurse working at the hospital where Arryn was born decided to take her to an orphanage so she would have a safe and loving home. This was not the case, however, as the orphanage was a miserable place, with very few resources and a couple of mean caretakers, who treated the children like they were just a burden. Raised in a cold and hostile environment, Arryn grew up to be a shy and solitary girl, often teased by the other kids. Even though she was an outcast, she did not lack the will to live, but rather the knowledge of what to do with her life.

When she was old enough to understand the concept of money and how the world worked, Arryn found a job in the office of Parks Trading, the second biggest establishment after the casino, a company responsible for importing and exporting all kinds of goods. Ran by Richard and Melinda Parks, a middle-aged couple who had built an empire of sorts, the company was one of the most influential economic forces in the town. The job was as dull and boring as Winterheaven itself and with time Arryn felt that doing a 9 to 5 job was the last thing she wanted to do with her life. After months of saving up, she decided to buy a desktop PC and

streaming gear, so she could start her own live streams, even though she had no idea about what kind of content to create.

Eventually, she chose webcam and the decision was a success. Blessed with a unique beauty, definitely inherited from her mother. With long brown hair, perfect almond-shaped eyes, and an exquisite facial structure, combined with a perfect hourglass figure, small yet firm breasts, and tight buttocks followed by perfect long legs that drove guys crazy whenever they saw her livestreams. Add in a slightly toned physique and clearly defined abdominals and you will see her as the definition of a young beauty. She was a natural; there were no plastic surgeries or Botox injections done to her face, which is a common sight in today's modern society. But the gemstone, the jewel, were her eyes. Cyan, like a precious stone from outer space. Sometimes it almost looked like they were glowing with a mysterious and magical light.

It didn't take long for Arryn to gain followers, even though she wasn't putting much effort into her shows, which consisted mostly of her dancing and chatting with her audience. She was too shy and introverted to do anything sexual or provocative on stream, and so she just talked and danced with her chatters. But her cyan eyes and white, flawless skin, not to mention her slender body, drew the attention of her viewers and the popularity of her show quickly grew.

Another thing that set her apart from other girls was a pinch of mystery that she added to the show by wearing a mask of Kitsune, a Japanese fox spirit, on her face and a silver wig on the head. This helped to hide her true identity, which was essential since she was still working full-time at the company. It was, after all, forbidden for employees to engage in any form of entertainment or business that might harm the company's reputation.

At work, she was just a simple employee with nothing interesting or noteworthy happening in her life, and she would never let her coworkers or anyone else know her nightly activities. In the end, she just couldn't risk her job yet since it was the only stable and reliable source of income.

As a side gig, her streaming career was bringing her quite a profit as well. She even started to consider quitting her job and going full-time with her webcam gig.

As time went by, Arryn gained more and more followers. She called herself Silver Fox, a name she picked because of her love for Japanese folklore, a hobby she had since childhood, definitely an inherited trait from her mother, it was a perfect fit for the girl who was half-Japanese herself and wore a mask of a fox on her face. As her popularity increased, so did the number of fans sending her gifts and money. But with her popularity grew something else, something that had been inside her ever since she was a child, hidden deep within her heart: her hidden kinks, her craving for sex.

At first, Arryn was against doing anything sexual on the streams. She didn't even want to be nude on camera, thinking it would be embarrassing and humiliating to do such things. However, as time passed and the more her need for sex and her desire for men grew, the less she could contain herself. It was a natural thing to happen. She was a beautiful young woman with all the hormones and urges that came with being a female in her prime. Eventually, one of her chatters decided to ask her if she could show them her breasts, to which she refused.

Another fan, a rich man, offered her \$5,000 if she would remove her bra. With so much money involved it was hard to resist the offer. And her transformation began.

Slowly, her streams evolved and changed to suit her own needs, transforming into a new type of content that was more explicit and erotic than before. She started masturbating in front of the camera, teasing her audience with the promise of more explicit things, and this quickly increased the number of views and subscribers. As the weeks passed, Arryn felt a growing urge to explore her own sexuality and desires, to fulfill her secret fetish and satisfy her urges, to have sex. She started to flirt with her chatters. They sent her presents, money, and tokens in exchange for private shows, where she would strip for them or touch her breasts and pussy while they watched and talked dirty to her. But now she wanted to experience a man for real.

It was a natural feeling for any young adult and it was nothing to be ashamed of, so she found a guy for a one-night stand and had sex with him, but sex with the man didn't fulfill her needs completely, it only made her want more, so she hooked up with a girl. At first, the experience was quite satisfying, but it didn't do the trick: it didn't cure her. In fact, it only made her crave sex even more. She realized that she wanted to dominate men and women, to have them under her control and do whatever she wanted with them. She fantasized about taking a man to her room and turning him into her obedient slave, then doing the same to his wife, girlfriend, or whoever was nearby, and having them both obey her commands and do anything for her.

Arryn also started to explore her own sexual fantasies, things that had been inside her head since childhood, her own fetishes, such as futanari, femdom, BDSM, and all other sorts of sex toys and role-playing games. The more she learned about sex and pleasure, the stronger the urge to act upon her fantasies grew. Soon, she was masturbating on the camera for her fans while having one of those lifelike cumming strap-ons, the kind that squirts fake cum on the press of a button. The concept of futanari just dominated her, she could not get it off her mind: the idea of a beautiful woman with a massive cock, the thought of a woman being able to give pleasure to both men and women, and the thought of having her own huge, throbbing cock that she could use to satisfy her own sexual needs and fantasies.

A sudden change of character and needs was not something she planned or did out of greed or money; this was something she was driven to do by her own sexual desires and the pleasure it gave her. Arryn loved being a camgirl, being the center of attention, being in control of a man's pleasure and satisfaction, and watching him obey her and follow her every command.

Yet, some of her audience didn't like her new content and left, but the majority stayed and many others joined and enjoyed the show, the new and exciting side of her, the true side of her, which was now revealed. But everything came to an end when she met a mysterious man at the rock festival...

An odd souvenir shop caught her eye during the concert, one filled with all kinds of weird stuff: strange trinkets and ornaments, a few books about ancient history, and even a section with various occult objects: a crystal ball, a Tarot deck, some voodoo dolls, and other similar items. What caught her eye was a pendant made of black glass, or at least that's what she thought it was. Soon she would find out that it was made of Arkonium, a rare mineral, unique to the world called Arkon, better known as Hell for people of Earth. At first glance, it was just

a plain necklace with crystal dangling on it. It looked like any other pendulum or crystal hanging around the necks of countless teenage girls all over the world. Yet, she felt like the pendant called to her, like it was begging her to wear it, and so, against her better judgment, she purchased it, not knowing the fate that awaited her after the purchase.

The crystal held the soul of young succubus, Qyrienne, who immediately sensed the presence of the girl. A young and inexperienced girl was the perfect victim for a hungry and thirsty demoness and Qyrienne didn't hesitate to possess her. Her streams became even more explicit and vulgar, to the point where she started teasing her viewers to invite them to her house, and the comments were flooded with questions asking why her appearance had changed: from an innocent and pure-hearted girl, she became a seductive, slutty, and lewd creature, the type that would drive men wild.

That was when Arryn learned to resist the demoness's influence. It took a lot of her willpower to resist her demonic instincts and the desire to fulfill her fantasies, but she was determined to break free and return to her previous self. One day she tried to remove the pendant, but Qyrienne cast a spell that fused the crystal into Arryn's chest, binding them forever. From then on, Arryn and the demoness were two beings sharing one body, with the succubus's personality growing stronger with each passing day.

It was a point of no return for Arryn and her new life started. And the only goal she had now was to get rid of the demoness. An adventure that would change her entire life. During the course of her adventure, she would travel from Earth to Arkon and Eden, from the human realms to the world of demons, monsters, and angels, where she discovered the truth about her father, who turned out to be a godlike being. creator of the universe and many other worlds and galaxies, trapped in the body of the ancient human king.

In time, Arryn and Qyrienne learned to coexist in peace and even form a strong bond of friendship, and when It came to a choice to save one of their lives, the two decided to leave everything as it was. But every action has its consequences and the choice they made has changed their future forever. Their minds and souls merged into one, forming a new personality: Arryn's mind combined with Qyrienne's. A goddess of lust, capable of destroying and creating worlds at will, a being so powerful and so dangerous, so destructive and yet so beautiful and perfect, so desirable, that no one was able to resist her. Yet all that power was lost, and the urge to learn more about herself and her abilities was replaced with insatiable lust and the need to satisfy her desires.

New Arryn returned back home, back to her daytime job and the nighttime live-streams, but everything was meaningless and empty now. Nothing excited her anymore. She had seen it all and she was bored. One evening, while playing with her favorite cum squirting dildo, Arryn started thinking: What if she could have a real monster cock herself, just like in her favorite hentai? What if she could become the futanari girl from her dreams? A girl with a huge cock between her legs. Just the thought of having a massive cock made her body shiver with pleasure and her pussy tingle with excitement. She would have a cock that could shoot massive loads of cum, a cock that would make any girl moan with delight, a cock that could bring her endless pleasure and the satisfaction of her desires.

The discovery of Arkon and their use of magic and technology together opened a whole new world of possibilities for her. One in particular grabbed her attention, the possibility of morphing her body. Growing new body parts, like a huge cock, for example. That would be something exciting and new and she was determined to do it.

She stood up from her desk and went to her bedroom to get dressed for a trip. She was going to Arkon. But where? Two options popped into her mind: Luxuria would be the obvious one, Kingdom of Asmodea, Queen of Lust's domain. Or maybe Acedia, Belphegor's kingdom where the most known scholars of Infernum were located. She decided to start with Acedia. Morphs were invented by Belphegor and for sure his scholars would have something for her.

With a sleek move of her hand, a breach in space appeared in front of her. Breach that led to Arryn's personal heaven, a pocket dimension, that was filled with her possessions, treasures she found during her travels, and her belongings. A place where no one could reach her and a place only she could access, a safe haven, the safest place in all the worlds.

"Temple of Temptation" was what she called this place. It was a gift from Eternal Queen Lilith herself. This pocket dimension is created according to the owners' imagination, based on their memories and desires, a sort of dreamland. Arryn's dimension was a Temple located on a lonely cliff in the middle of an endless ocean, surrounded by clouds, and with a view of a setting sun. A place of beauty and relaxation, a perfect place to rest after a hard day. On top of the cliff was the temple: a weird and unnatural mixture of traditional Japanese architecture with red light district elements, like statues of women in very revealing clothing, paintings of erotic scenes, and a lot of other things. It was lit by bright cyan and purple lanterns that floated around the temple on their own. Everything was built based on her deepest inner desires and fetishes, a place where she was free to express herself and indulge in her darkest fantasies.

Besides being a safe haven for Arryn, the Temple of Temptation served as a pathway between worlds. Arryn made her way through the temple past the statues of sexy female and male figures, past the paintings and erotic sculptures, until she reached the dressing room. She put on a white kimono with black floral patterns and a red obi belt, the perfect attire for a girl about to go on a journey, and then moved to the last room in the corridor. A large door, made of dark, wooden planks with the symbol of a fox painted on it, was standing in her way, but a wave of her hand was enough to make it open on its own.

Inside was an empty hall with an ark in the middle of it. Arryn approached the ark and touched its surface, and it instantly came to life. Runes inscribed along the frame of the ark, symbols that resembled the ones used for summoning rituals, glowed in a faint cyan light as the ark activated.

"Acedia," said Arryn.

In response, the runes flashed and the ark began to glow. A small portal was opened inside it and through this portal, Arryn could see the world beyond: the city of Acedia.

"Here we go, Arryn," she said to herself and jumped into the portal, her body was instantly teleported across dimensions, from Earth to Arkon, from the human realm to the demon realm.

When her body re-emerged, she found herself standing on a stone pavement, next to a street lamp.

A creature on top of a floating disc flew just inches away from her, nearly knocking her down as it passed. Arryn's reflexes and instincts were still there and she was able to avoid the crash by jumping out of the way. She was on a street that was part of a busy market district. The creature screamed in anger as it flew away, and Arryn could see its face: a humanoid creature with an eyeless, elongated, and big head, to fit an overdeveloped brain inside.

"Fuck, every time I see arkonians after a long time on Earth they look like aliens," she thought as she watched the creature fly away.

The device he used, a small disc that was just enough to put two feet on, was an Arkonium-powered hoverboard, a flying transportation device, common among acedians. This small and simple transportation method was the best example to describe the citizens of Acedia. Acedia translates to English as Sloth and sloth and laziness were the main motivations behind their lives. This trait forced them to invent machines and devices that would allow them to do the work with the least effort possible. In other words, they were obsessed with making their lives as easy and comfortable as possible. They were also known to be the best inventors and engineers, and the whole kingdom was a constant source of new and exciting discoveries. That's why, for example, acedians preferred using hovering disks rather than walking and using their feet. Those disks connected to the mind of the user, allowing the person to control their movement by thoughts. Simply amazing invention!

A few arcoinians turned around and stared at Arryn for a moment, as the sudden appearance of a portal in the air caused a bit of commotion in the street. A few seconds later they all turned away and continued their journey. Portals were a common sight for the citizens of Acedia, a kingdom that was known for its scholars and technological progress.

The Kingdom of Acedia was unique. Located on giant floating platforms, one in the center and eight around it. Each circular platform represented a district with its own theme, the central being a huge castle called Academia, home of King Belphegor, the ruler of the kingdom, and the biggest educational institution, a place where scholars and scientists came from all over the Arkon to study. Eight other districts were accommodations, trading centers, and places of entertainment and leisure. All of them float around the castle like moons around a planet.

Arryn could see a huge beam of energy shooting up into the sky from the central tower of Academia, forming a barely visible dome that went back into the ground and went far beyond the eyesight. It covered the whole Kingdom of Infernum. This barrier was Belphegor's invention, a way to alter the climate of Arkon and make it more suitable for life.

In the stories on Earth, hell is mostly described as a place of eternal punishment, a land filled with lava, fire, and demons, but the reality is much different: Arkon was a world of endless winter and ice. In some regions, the temperature dropped below absolute zero and the atmosphere became thick enough to freeze any living being instantly. Surviving in these conditions was nearly impossible and many creatures had to find ways to adapt to the harsh environment or perish. In order to survive, the inhabitants had to use various techniques to

keep themselves warm and comfortable. Eternal Queen Lilith used magic at first, to shield the small population of arkonians, then when Belphegor grew up, he invented mophs and later, the dome that surrounds the kingdom now.

The tower from where the beam was shot was the place where Arryn was headed to. It was the place where Belphegor spent most of his time.

Arryn didn't waste her time and immediately started making her way towards the castle. With no hoverboard or magic powers herself and the long road ahead she decided to take a tram instead: nothing unusual, trams were similar to Earth trains, except they could move on both horizontal and vertical surfaces, thanks to their hovering mechanisms.

From the window, Arryn could see the unique architecture of Acedia. Tall skyscrapers with curved walls, futuristic-looking buildings, all kinds of weird and strange constructions were the sight. And it was all powered by Arkonium crystals. Each time in Acedia felt like the first, she couldn't help but admire the beautiful and strange architecture. Every structure was unique in its own way and they all seemed to blend into each other perfectly, creating a seamless landscape of glass, steel, and stone. Sidewalks and roads were covered with soft green grass and plants. The atmosphere was warm and pleasant. It felt like a dream. The train followed a path of small pipes, that emitted a faint gold light. Besides being simple guidelines and decorations those pipes served as powerlines that spread out through the whole Kingdom of Infernum and dug deep into the core of the planet where they absorbed the magic energy that flowed freely through the rocks. This energy was then used to power all the technology, lights, and nearly everything else in the kingdom.

It took about an hour before the train reached its destination: Academia, the heart of the kingdom and the center of education, knowledge, and science. A place where the brightest minds gathered to discuss the mysteries of the universe, and where new inventions and discoveries were made every day.

Belphegor was the heart of this place: a true genius and a leader of the kingdom. Besides being a king he was also one of the magisters in the university, a professor who taught students how to use Arkonium and shape it to their will.

Arryn reached the gate leading to the entrance of Academia. A guard approached her and stopped her. "Greetings, Arryn Frost, The Hollow Walker. High Magister expects you."

"Expects me?" said Arryn, confused.

"Yes, High Magister asked me to bring you to him once you arrive at the gate," replied the guard and moved to the side to let her through, but Arryn was hesitant, wondering how Belphegor knew that she was coming. There was only one logical explanation: he had some sort of device that notified him whenever someone was trying to teleport or open a portal to his kingdom. This was just a precaution against hostile forces and it didn't seem odd at all, but she asked anyway.

"Uhm, really?" wondered Arryn. "How does he know I'm here?"



The guard didn't reply but gestured for her to come in. Inside, a servant escorted her through the courtyard and into the main building. Once inside, she followed him down a long hallway and up a flight of stairs that led to a large room with a massive window that overlooked the entire city below. Beside the window was The High Magister himself, Belphegor.

Among the Eternal family of Infernum, he was the only one who kept the closest resemblance to humans. He didn't use many morphs, except for the ones that affected his brain, and inherited very few from his demonic parents. He had short black hair, two arms, and two legs, just like any human would, but what set him apart was his grey skin, a pair of catlike golden eyes, and six magnificent curved horns on his head which was a bit oversized in the area where his brain was. His body was tall and slender and his features were quite handsome yet no traces of muscles were visible. He stood with his hands behind his back, overlooking the city, lost in his thoughts.

When the servant announced her, Belphegor turned around and greeted her with a warm smile. "Arryn Frost! Welcome back!"

Arryn was happy to see him again and she greeted him with a smile and a hug.

"Belphegor! Nice to see you!" said Arryn as she hugged the demon tightly, his arms wrapped around her back and pulled her close against him, his breath on her neck. The demon was quite affectionate, something she didn't expect from him, but it was nice, so she didn't mind it. After a moment, they separated, and Arryn took a step back and looked him in the eye.

"How did you know I was coming?" asked Arryn.

"Oh, well," he said with a chuckle. "It is one of my duties to detect any breach in the Hollow and trace whoever came through it, and I have a pretty good idea who this was, judging by the energy signature."

"I knew it!" Arryn exclaimed as she clapped her hands and chuckled.

"So, why would the great Hollow Walker visit me? I have a feeling you didn't come here just to say hi, did you?" Belphegor asked.

Arryn didn't respond right away, instead, she glanced out of the window and admired the view of the city, then she looked at the demon and said: "Well, I need a morph... Or two."

"No," Belphegor replied and crossed his arms over his chest.

"Why not?" Arryn asked with a confused look on her face. She didn't expect such an answer. She thought Belphegor was always happy to help her, or anyone in need for that matter.

"Come and sit," Belphegor asked with a smile, as he took a seat on a large couch nearby. Arryn sat beside him. "Let me remind you what morphs are, but don't worry, I'm sure you're familiar with the concept."

"I'm aware," Arryn answered but was still confused.

"Morphs are simply modifications of your DNA with the use of foreign DNA, or in other words, an addition of some genetic material," explained Belphegor, "they affect the body and the mind and can lead to the emergence of new abilities or the change of old ones."

Arryn was nodding as she listened to him, showing that she understood what he was talking about. "What's the problem then?"

"A little history lesson before we continue." Belphegor paused and smiled, and Arryn couldn't help but smile back, even though she was a bit annoyed by his behavior. "Morphs were created to solve the issues related to Arkon's natural environment and to survive the attacks of the beasts that roam the Frozen Wasteland. Thousands of years ago, when Eternal King Lucifer and Eternal Queen Lilith arrived on Arkon they were just like you, Terrans. Fragile and weak. Surviving on Arkon was nearly impossible until Mother found a power within herself to use magic that flowed through the land."

"Magic," said Arryn with a nod, "Yes, I've been trained to use it."

Belphegor laughed softly and then continued: "You nearly scratched the surface of your potential. Mother could do much more with it."

"Oh come on! Get to the point already," Arryn sighed. "What's the point of all this?"

"Yes, yes. As I was saying," Belphegor chuckled, "When I grew up, I found a way to harness the magic stored in arkonium, then with its help enhance arkonians with powers of the beasts roaming the lands. But the process was terrific. Out of a hundred volunteers, only five survived. Eighty died instantly, fifteen lost their minds and had to be killed and put out of their misery, but for the sake of our survival we kept experimenting and after countless generations, arkonian bodies adapted to the procedure, making it a lot safer. But even now, there are cases of unsuccessful morphs leading to deaths in the best cases..."

"And in the worst? What happens in the worst cases?" asked Arryn.

"They become mad, uncontrollable, violent, monsters," Belphegor finished with a heavy sigh.

"So, I guess you're telling me to stay away from the morphs then," said Arryn as she shook her head in disappointment and thought about it for a moment. If the process was so dangerous then was it worth it?

"I do," said Belphegor with a sad expression on his face, then added: "Not for your own safety, but for the safety of everyone around you. You can't control the power you might obtain and the consequences it might bring."

"But I'm still willing to take the risk! Even if there is only a slim chance!" Arryn replied and jumped off the couch and began pacing back and forth. "This is my only option to finally become who I truly want to be!"

"Why would you risk it?" Belphegor asked curiously. "What is it that you want so badly?"

"Because!" Arryn exclaimed, raising her voice, but then paused, as she had trouble finding the words, and finally spoke, but much calmer than before: "I want to grow a cock!"

There was a long pause after her last words. A few seconds of awkward silence that felt like eternity for her. Arryn could see Belphegor's eyes widen in surprise, then a faint chuckle escaped his lips as he started to laugh.

"Oh, the Terran mind is such an amazing thing. And to think that I believed I understood everything," he said, shaking his head, still laughing.

"You think this is funny?" asked Arryn angrily.

"No," Belphegor chuckled, but he stopped laughing and calmed down. "You're right, I'm sorry. And I'm sorry for what I will say next, but..." he sighed, "the idea is a little bit... ridiculous, to say the least."

"What is wrong with having a cock?" Arryn asked angrily and crossed her arms across her chest and glared at the demon. "You have one."

"And what is wrong with not having one?" asked Belphegor with a shrug, "I think you're fine as you are."

"You just don't understand!" Arryn shouted, her anger rising, and turned her back on him and began to walk away, but he quickly grabbed her hand and stopped her.

"Listen, you are Terran. Your body is not ready for morphs. Your mind is not ready either," Belphegor said, then added with a chuckle, "Arkonians went through thousands of years to adapt to morphs. But you would be the first terran to attempt it. Your chance of survival is around five percent and I won't be the one responsible for the death of The Hollow Walker."

Arryn was not pleased to hear this. She stood up and frowned.

"Then find a way to make it possible!" she said. "There has to be a way."

"As I said before, thousands of years of experiments didn't make it a safe procedure for the natives," Belphegor said and stood up. "For a Terran like you, it would be fatal. It is simply not worth the risk."

"Pleeeeeease," begged Arryn and knelt before the demon and looked up at him with puppy eyes. "Pretty please?"

"Stop it! This is embarrassing!" Belphegor said, averting his gaze, but Arryn persisted:

"Pretty pleaaaaaase?" she begged again, with even more intensity and sincerity, and even started to cry a little.

"I can offer you something else, a new generation of morphs that I'm working on, it won't give you the body you desire, but it could be useful," he said with a sigh. "Generation two does not

use DNA, but rather replaces your parts with the ones made from arkonium. They are safe and stable. They might also make your life easier."

"What do you mean?" Arryn asked as she raised her head to look at him with teary eyes.

"For example, I could make a functioning arkonium cock for you, one that would work just like your normal, flesh and blood one, but better," Belphegor suggested with a mischievous grin on his face.

"Nope. nope, nope! If I wanted another dildo I would've gone to the sex shop instead," Arryn said as she stood up and wiped the tears from her cheeks and shook her head. "No matter how fancy and cool that is, I need a real cock."

"Fine," Belphegor said as he sat back on the couch and let out a long sigh of disappointment. "Then I have nothing else to offer you."

There was an awkward silence between them for a moment as neither of them spoke, until finally, Belphegor said: "If you ever change your mind, just know that the offer will always stand."

"Fine. I'll seek help elsewhere," Arryn said and turned to leave.

"And Arryn!" Belphegor said. "As a friend, I ask you. Please, don't do this."

"I'm leaving," Arryn said and left, heading for the door. Belphegor sighed and sat back on the couch, defeated and sad, knowing that there was nothing he could do to stop her.

"Luxuria then," said Arryn and walked away from Academia and towards the transport station. As much as she was against it, there was only one person left on Arkon she could go to with her request. Asmodea, Queen of Lust.

## *Part 2*

During the seven hours trip to Luxuria, Arryn had time to think: was the risk really worth it? Was having a cock, or any other part for that matter, worth dying for? And more importantly, was it all worth an audience with Asmodea?

While Arryn and Belphegor's friendship was genuine and honest, her relationship with the Queen of Lust was... Complicated. They were not enemies, but they were not friends either. Asmodea's desires were just too strong, and her influence on others was something that Arryn had to be wary of. And there was no doubt in her mind, that if the Queen agreed to the deal, she would want something in return, something Arryn was not sure she would be able to give.

The only thing Asmodea was interested in was her own pleasure. And 'pleasure' in her eyes often was just too twisted and cruel to be considered a pleasure for the rest of the people. She could easily rip her sexual partner's limbs during sex, just because she felt that would turn her on, and if the poor victim would die in the process she would fuck the corpse until she felt satisfied. Sometimes she even revived her victims, just to continue their play.

Arryn shuddered as she recalled the first time she met the Queen: in the throne room of Palace of Lust, sitting on her golden throne, surrounded by dozens of her slaves, both male and female, some were fucking each other, some were being fucked, some were being used as furniture, while Asmodea was masturbating furiously, enjoying the sight, and occasionally, when she would feel the urge, she would call her pets to satisfy her own needs and desires. There was not a single day when she didn't indulge in her carnal desires.

That was Asmodea: a selfish and self-centered creature with a lustful nature, always craving more and more pleasure. And if someone didn't satisfy her needs she was quick to punish them or replace them with new toys. Deep inside, Arryn felt that maybe she was no different from the Queen of Lust, and that scared her. After all, the same desire for pleasure was in her, too, the only difference was the way she expressed it and the way she viewed the world and other people.

As the train was approaching the Kingdom of Luxuria, Arryn was greeted by the sight of a massive forest of purple trees and fields of glowing flowers, covering the landscape beneath. A vast and endless forest, so full of life, so colorful and vibrant, was a sight to behold. As the train was hovering over the road that passed through the forest, Arryn had the opportunity to observe it more closely. It was so unnatural, yet beautiful and unique. Every plant was purple: the leaves on the trees were deep purple and shiny as if they were covered in glitter, the flowers were a shade of lighter purple with green stems and dark red petals. Some flowers were glowing as the train passed near them, creating a beautiful and mesmerizing effect.

The forest slowly gave way to a grassy plain, covered with a carpet of flowers, as the train traveled deeper into the kingdom, the buildings and structures began to appear on the horizon.

In contrast to the other realms of Infernum, the cities of Luxuria didn't have the futuristic appearance of Acedia. Luxuria looked more like a gothic, medieval city, with stone and brick walls and tall spires rising into the sky. Everything was lit in a warm purple light and the whole city had a very romantic and erotic feel to it. It was also much larger and more populated than Acedia. Not counting the visitors and travelers who sought the kingdom's pleasures, the population was in the millions.

As the train entered the main station, Arryn had the chance to see the city up close. Tall spires, large buildings, and towers, all covered in purple and red lights. It was a breathtaking sight. There was a sense of grandeur and majesty about the kingdom. People were dressed in elegant and beautiful clothing. Some wore outfits that were just too revealing, showing off their bodies to everyone, while others were completely naked, walking tall, and proud of their sculpted bodies.

Everyone here stared at her as she exited the station. All the attention was on her: her hair, her outfit, her figure, everything was just so unusual compared to the other inhabitants. And everyone knew who she was. Arryn Frost was a known entity Arkon. She was a heroine, a savior of the Eternal King himself.

"Look, The Hollow Walker...", whispered someone as she walked past them and a few people even pointed at her.

"Isn't she supposed to be a man?" whispered another.

"I always thought she is taller, and, well, masculine," replied the other. "Looks like a girl to me."

"Maybe she is?" a third voice replied and then a fourth one joined the conversation, "Well, I can't tell. Maybe she's just an ordinary Terran?"

"Yep, I'm The Hollow Walker," Arryn whispered to herself and smiled at the onlookers. She didn't mind the attention: after all, she was a hero. That didn't mean she was famous, but she did have a bit of a reputation, and everyone knew who she was and what she did.

As she walked to the Palace of Lust moans of pleasure and sounds of people having sex filled the streets. It was common to hear those noises in the nighttime and no one was bothered by them. Sex was an important part of the culture here and it was a symbol of freedom and liberation.

People had no inhibitions about their bodies or their sexuality. Everyone was open about their preferences and fantasies. They enjoyed each other, indulged in their desires, explored their sexuality, and found their own way to achieve pleasure and satisfaction.

Even the buildings were decorated with erotic murals and sculptures. There was no shame or embarrassment about anything. Everything was on display: nude people, sex toys, bondage gear, fetish attire, and even BDSM dungeons could be seen from the street. This was the kingdom where everyone could express their sexual urges and enjoy themselves freely without any judgments.

"Hey, Hollow Walker! Wanna taste a real cock! Let's fuck!" a random demon yelled as she passed by.

Arryn turned to look at him, huge, tall, and muscular, with red skin and scales covering his entire body. Four horns on his head, a long tail, and a pair of draconic wings. Definitely a warrior from Ira. Then Arryn looked below his waist: a huge cock, semi-erect, dangling past his knees, paired with a set of magnificent balls that hung heavy behind it. Fuck, his cock looked bigger than Arryn's whole upper body.

"Fuck no!" Arryn shouted back and waved him off. "You are not my type."

"Ahhh," he laughed, "you're one of those who only likes girls, right?"

"Nope, you're just too damn big! Not sure if it would fit," said Arryn and continued to walk. The demon didn't seem to be offended by her words and he just shrugged and returned to his previous activities.

On the other side, there was a girl, a beautiful girl with a slim body, pale skin, and short, red hair. Her eyes were bright green, and her lips were painted crimson. A pair of batlike wings and a tail with a spade-shaped tip protruded from her back. Definitely a succubus. As Arryn was passing her by, the girl approached her and greeted her: "Hollow Walker. Wanna dive into these tits?"

She didn't even give Arryn a chance to reply, as the demoness immediately pressed her breasts against Arryn's arm, making her feel the softness and warmth of her body. Arryn's body reacted on its own and she felt a sudden rush of excitement and arousal, as her nipples became erect, and her pussy got wet, but her mind was telling her that she should not get distracted.

"N-no," stuttered Arryn, her face flushed red with embarrassment. "I'm busy."

"Shame," the succubus said with a pout and let her go. "If you change your mind, come to The Pleasure Garden, it is on the main street, the biggest building, you can't miss it."

"Yeah, sure," replied Arryn, trying to remain calm, as the demoness released her and returned to her business, but deep inside she was screaming: 'Yes!'

That was a typical interaction for the kingdom of lust. The inhabitants didn't have many morals or restrictions on their behavior and actions. They had no sense of personal boundaries or shame. This was a place where everything was allowed, and anything was possible, a kingdom of desires, a realm of endless possibilities, a paradise for the lustful.

A hand on Arryn's shoulder made her jump with surprise. Arryn spun around and was face to face with a demon. He looked human at first glance, but on closer inspection, his skin had a faint purple hue to it and his eyes were completely white with no pupils.

"Hey," he said with a smile. "What's a pretty girl like you doing in a place like this? If you're looking for some fun you don't need to ask around, just come with me, I'll show you a good time."

"Touch me again and I'll send you straight into the hollow," Arryn said as she backed away from him. She was not in the mood for a fight, but she was not going to let anyone touch her without her consent.

"Oh, come on, don't be like that," said the demon, his grin growing wider, revealing a pair of sharp, fanged teeth, and then added: "It will be a fun night."

Arryn looked him straight into the eyes and said: "You have ten seconds to disappear."

"Or what?" he laughed and took a step closer to her. "You don't have a chance against me."

"Ten," Arryn started counting down.

"Don't be a fool," he said and moved closer, his face only inches away from hers, his breath reeked of alcohol, and he grabbed her hand. "Let's go."

"Nine," Arryn continued and tried to free her hand but he was strong and held her tightly.

"Stop it," said the demon as his other hand reached up and touched her cheek.

This was a mistake. As soon as his fingers brushed against her skin, a wave of magical energy was released, knocking the demon back a few feet, and freeing her from his grip.

"FUCK OFF! EIGHT!" she shouted and started to count faster: "SEVEN SIX FIVE FOUR!" and as soon as she reached three, she unleashed a blast of magical energy that knocked him back even further and sent him into a nearby wall and held him firmly against it.

She was moving toward him, and as she walked, her clothes magically disappeared revealing a skin-tight black bodysuit underneath, made of a strange material that seemed to cling to her skin and hugged her body, accentuating her curves and every part of her figure, revealing every single detail. Then armor plates started to appear on the bodysuit: first on the arms and shoulders, then on the chest and the legs, and finally on the back and the head. It was her arkonium battle suit, gifted to her by Belphegor and designed to be as light and flexible as possible while still providing her with the best protection possible.

"Who the fuck do you think you are?!" screamed the demon as he struggled against the force that was holding him against the wall.

"THREE," said Arryn, her voice echoing through the street, causing several passersby to stop and stare at the scene.

Arryn's eyes were burning with rage, as she was about to cast a spell to banish the demon to the hollow, but was stopped by a gentle touch on her shoulder, the soft hand of a female.



"Hey, hey, hey," a familiar voice said, "Calm down, calm down, calm down."

It was a beautiful woman: tall and slender with long silver hair and four large horns protruding from the sides of her head. A demoness with the appearance of an elf: a pair of pointy ears and a pair of golden catlike eyes. She was wearing battle armor that resembled of Vikings, made of metal plates, chainmail, leather, fur, and cloth, but was more revealing than actual armor, with only her breasts and crotch area being covered, the rest was revealed, showing her pale skin, muscular physique, and beautiful face.

"Valyra?" asked Arryn as her face changed from angry to confused. "Never thought I would see you in a place like this."

"I can say the same thing about you," said the demoness with a chuckle. "And please, let this poor soul go, no need to banish him."

"He had it coming," said Arryn, releasing her magic and letting the demon go, his body slumped to the ground. "Asshole."

"Come on now," said Valyra as she approached the demon and offered him her hand. "Get up and apologize."

"For what?" the demon asked as he stood up and looked at her with a confused expression on his face. Then he glanced at Arryn and his face changed: fear was written all over it. "Oh no, no, no, no, no. Sorry, I'm so sorry."

Arryn crossed her arms across her chest and said: "That's better."

The demon looked at her and bowed, then ran away, disappearing into the crowd. Valyra chuckled and said: "That was easy."

"Why did you help him?" Arryn asked as she was looking at the demoness. "Not that I mind."

"He is not worth your time," said Valyra and sighed. "Come, walk with me."

Arryn and Valyra walked in silence for a while, as the city around them was filled with the sounds of moaning, laughter, and music, but there was no awkwardness between them and it felt comfortable and natural to just enjoy each other's company. After a moment, Arryn asked:

"Soooo... What brings Satana's champion to Luxuria? I never took you as someone who enjoys the nightlife."

"It's a long story," said Valyra, smiling softly. "Let's just say, it is a very important mission."

"Okay," said Arryn as she nodded. "You know what, let's not talk about it."

"That's a good idea," said Valyra as she smiled brightly and nodded her head in agreement.

"It's good to see a friendly face," said Arryn, smiling at the demoness, then continued, "it is quite a surprise."

"Well, it is good to see you too, but what are you doing here?" asked Valyra and looked at Arryn with a curious expression on her face. "Are you here for the pleasures of Luxuria?"

Arryn paused for a moment, thinking about what to tell her, then decided to just tell the truth: "I came here to see Asmodea."

Valyra's expression changed, her face darkened and she looked away: "I see."

"You have something against the Queen of Lust?" asked Arryn. "Because I didn't expect that."

"Not exactly, but..." the demoness paused, searching for the right words to describe her feelings, then she continued, "but you do know what she is capable of."

"Oh," said Arryn and sighed deeply. "Yes."

"Why do you want to meet her?" asked Valyra and looked at Arryn with curiosity.

"I have a favor to ask," said Arryn and paused again, then she continued.

"Well, Queen of Lust doesn't do favors," said Valyra. "Everything has a price, you know."

Arryn nodded, her gaze fixed on the floor, and after a moment, she said: "I know."

Then they both fell silent, not knowing what to say to each other until Valyra broke the silence and said: "I have to leave you now. There is someone waiting for me."

Arryn nodded and said: "Take care."

"You too," said Valyra and walked away. "And make sure to visit me in Ira. We should have a drink sometime."

As Valyra was leaving, Arryn had only one thought in her mind: she was scared and unsure, Was the risk really worth it? Would Asmodea help her? And if she would, what would be the cost? Those thoughts were making her feel anxious and uncertain.

'Fuck it,' she thought and walked towards the Palace of Lust. 'This is my only chance.'

The closer she was to the palace, the louder and more intense the moans and sounds of pleasure were. It was too hard to concentrate, to keep her mind focused on her goal, but she kept walking. As she was passing through the streets and alleys, arkonians were staring at her and pointing fingers. Inviting her to join them: "Hollow Walker! Come play with us."

Luxuria was a temptation even for the strongest of minds. And Arryn was on the edge. She started to give in to her desires. Her hand started to move down her body until her fingers reached the surface of her battle armor covering her crotch, and then she began to rub the

spot between her legs. A succubus nearby noticed this and approached her and said: "Want some help with that?"

"Yes, yes," Arryn said, nodding her head, as her fingers kept rubbing her crotch, and her pussy started to become wet.

The succubus took Arryn's hand in hers and guided it into her mouth, sucking on her fingers. Arryn moaned and her hips began to buck, her breathing quickened as the succubus was licking her fingers. Then the succubus took her hand and led her to an empty alley and began to strip her of her battle armor.

"Oh, infused battle armor, interesting," said the succubus as she admired the design, and then added, "it can only be removed by the wielder's will."

"Y-yes," said Arryn in a shaky voice, as she was struggling to speak.

"Then what are you waiting for, sweetie? Will it off." said the demoness and started to kiss Arryn's neck. "Will it off."

"Y-yes," Arryn moaned as her fingers traced over her own skin, sending tingling sensations throughout her entire body. Her nipples became hard, her pussy was wet and ready, and her breathing became erratic and heavy. Then, with a single thought, her armor started to fade away and disappeared revealing her perfect naked body: her smooth skin was flawless and unblemished, her breasts were full and round with erect pink nipples and her pussy was glistening with wetness.

"So beautiful," said the succubus as she licked her lips with her tongue and stared at Arryn's body. "So perfect."

"Yes," said Arryn, her voice was shaking, her mind was clouded with desire, but the only thing that was on her mind was to get fucked by the beautiful demoness, and lavender, jasmine, and a hint of something sweet, like honey and vanilla was filling the air around her.

Then the demoness moved her hand down her body until her fingers reached the surface of her skin between her legs and began to rub her own clitoris. This caused Arryn to moan and her body began to shake as she felt the pleasure growing inside her.

"Don't worry, sweetie, I will take good care of you," said the demoness, as she kissed Arryn's lips passionately. Then the demoness pushed Arryn against the wall and put her tongue in her mouth and her hand between her legs.

Arryn gasped as the succubus slid her tongue deep into her mouth and her fingers into her wet pussy. The pleasure was overwhelming and Arryn began to tremble and moan uncontrollably as the succubus began to finger her pussy and rub her clit. Their tongues swirling together in a passionate kiss, as their hands explored each other's bodies, touching and caressing every inch of skin.

After a moment, the demoness broke the kiss and knelt before her, then she moved her tongue down her body, leaving a trail of saliva as it traced along her stomach and down to her crotch. When her tongue reached the lips of her pussy, Arryn arched her back and let out a moan as the pleasure intensified. Then the succubus started to suck on her clitoris and lick her wetness as her fingers moved up and down her wet slit.

"Oh, yes!" Arryn screamed, her body shaking with pleasure. Then she grabbed the demoness's head and pulled her face into her pussy, her tongue sliding into her wetness.

"So good," said the demoness between her licks. "Taste so sweet."

Arryn moaned louder and louder as the demoness continued to lick her clitoris and her fingers slid inside her wet pussy. Then the succubus started to push her fingers deeper and deeper into her pussy, stretching her walls, and stimulating her g-spot.

"Cum for me," the demoness whispered, her lips pressing against Arryn's pussy, and Arryn's orgasm hit her hard: her body shook as the pleasure took over her entire being, her mind went blank, and her vision went black as the bliss overwhelmed her senses. Everything around her slowly disappeared and turned into darkness as she lost consciousness...

When Arryn opened her eyes, she was indoors, lying on a bed, in a dimly lit room, naked. The silk sheets under her were soft and comfortable and the pillows were so fluffy. Everything was quiet and calm. She looked around to see a luxurious interior with red velvet curtains on the windows and expensive furniture. There were also paintings on the walls and carpets on the floor.

'A palace,' she thought to herself as she realized where she was.

"You're awake," said a feminine voice and she turned her head to see a succubus standing in the doorway: the same succubus that had fucked her in the alley. "Good."

"What happened?" asked Arryn, feeling a little bit disoriented and confused, not remembering much of what happened earlier.

"You passed out, my dear," the demoness explained, walking to the bed and sitting next to Arryn, placing her hand on her bare shoulder. "That was a rather powerful orgasm, you know."

"Right," said Arryn as the memories of what happened started to return to her.

"Wanna go for another round?" asked the demoness as she smiled seductively at her and ran her hand over her body. "Your body is so delicious."

Arryn wanted to say yes, but the image of Asmodea appeared in her mind, and she remembered her purpose: 'No, no, no. I can't get distracted. This is not the reason why I'm here. I must speak to Asmodea.'

"No," Arryn replied then moved away from the demoness, and added, "But thank you."

"That's a shame," said the demoness and smiled softly. "What is it that you're looking for, Hollow Walker? Why are you here?"

"I'm here to speak to the Queen of Lust," said Arryn and looked into the demoness's eyes with a serious expression on her face.

"Ahhh," the demoness chuckled and stood up from the bed. "Well, Arryn, you won't have to go far."

"What?" said Arryn as she jumped off the bed and covered her naked body with a blanket. "Where is she?"

"Right here," said the demoness, and her body started to change: her skin turned pale and her hair turned blonde, her waist slimmed down while her breasts and buttocks grew to twice their size and her facial features became softer and even more feminine. Her eyes turned purple, and the six horns appeared on her head, and two wings burst forth from her back. It was Asmodea, Queen of Lust.

"H-How?" stuttered Arryn as she was stunned by the transformation.

"I have many tricks up my sleeve," Asmodea said as she laughed softly and her voice was like music to Arryn's ears: melodic and hypnotizing. "So, what do you want?"

Arryn was confused for a moment and asked: "How did you find me? I didn't tell you anything."

Asmodea smiled mischievously and replied, "Oh, I wasn't looking for you at all. I was just wandering the streets, enjoying the pleasures and the lust of my kingdom, and then suddenly, a surge of pleasure and desire, and I knew something interesting was going to happen, and then, there you were, so helpless and vulnerable. So tasty."

"So, you just... Happened to be there," said Arryn, trying to make sense of what was happening.

"Yes," said Asmodea and smiled widely, her purple eyes sparkling with excitement. "You see, sometimes I get bored of staying in the palace. So I shapeshift into a commoner and roam the streets of my kingdom. It is very enjoyable."

"That is so weird," said Arryn as she tried to understand the Queen of Lust's behavior.

"Maybe," Asmodea said with a shrug. "Now that we've cleared up the misunderstanding, what do you want from me?"

"I... I need your help," Arryn said and took a deep breath, then she continued: "I need a morph."

"No," said Asmodea without hesitation. "If you die, mother will destroy me and the whole kingdom."

"Please!" Arryn said, almost crying. "There is no one else on Arkon who can help me!"

"Why should I help you?" Asmodea asked and crossed her arms over her chest. Pressing her breasts against each other, making them appear even larger than they already were.

"Without the morph, I can't be who I want to be," said Arryn, trying to convince the Queen, as tears rolled down her cheeks, and then continued, as her voice was shaking: "I-I want to have a cock!"

Asmodea's expression became one of pure lust and desire and she licked her lips and asked: "Is that so?" Then she chuckled and added: "The savior of The Eternal King finally started to explore her inner lust, and now wants to be a man."

"N-no, not a man," said Arryn and her face was red with embarrassment, but she continued: "Just a cock."

"Interesting," said Asmodea and her smile was even wider than before, "And what makes you think I can help you with this?"

"Because you love everything that involves lust," said Arryn, trying to justify her request, and then added, "And the idea of me with a cock should make you happy."

Asmodea chuckled again, her voice was like a symphony, her laughter was beautiful and intoxicating, her eyes were sparkling with excitement as she spoke: "Yes. It does. In fact, I would love to see you with a cock."

"Great!" exclaimed Arryn as her face lit up with joy. "Then please, please, help me."

Asmodea didn't answer right away, but instead, she looked Arryn up and down, examining her naked body, and then said, "Unfortunately, I can't help you."

"What?" Arryn said as her smile was replaced with disappointment and despair.

"But I know someone who can," Asmodea added. "However, you'll have to do something for me first."

"W-what?" asked Arryn and she was scared to even ask.

"I want to fuck you with all I have," Asmodea said with a big smile on her face and her eyes were glowing with lust.

Arryn was speechless, she didn't know what to do or how to react, and Asmodea continued: "If you do that, then, and only then, will I tell you the name of the person who can give you a morph."

"Okay," said Arryn quietly. It wasn't what she was expecting and was a bit disappointed, but it was the only way and she didn't want to give up.

"Excellent," Asmodea said and clapped her hands.

"Do we have a deal?" Arryn asked as she looked at the Queen of Lust with a hopeful expression on her face.

"We do," Asmodea replied and then added: "Come, let us enjoy ourselves, shall we?" and extended her hand toward her, as her clothes vanished, revealing her nude body, and her voice was like a song as she spoke: "Lie down on the bed."

Arryn did as she was told. Asmodea stood there and watched her with a smile on her face as she lay on the bed.

"Do you know what my morphs are? Besides the one that allows me to shapeshift? Well, of course, you don't, because I use my full powers only in special situations," said Asmodea as she walked to the bed and placed her hand on Arryn's stomach. "This is going to feel... intense."

"W-what are you going to do?" asked Arryn as she was lying on the bed and looking at the Queen of Lust.

Asmodea didn't answer and instead just smiled at her and said: "You will see."

Then from behind her back, eight tentacles emerged and moved towards Arryn's body, and with a single motion wrapped themselves around her limbs and lifted her into the air. They held her firmly, and her arms and legs were spread wide apart, leaving her completely exposed and vulnerable.

Next, her tongue extended to an unnatural length, almost as long as her own body, and it started to caress Arryn's pussy and clitoris, and she could only moan as the pleasure was too much for her to handle. Four tentacles freed themselves from Arryn's limbs while the remaining kept her firmly in the air and began to move up and down her body, their touch was gentle but firm, their surface was smooth and slippery, and their movements were fluid and graceful, caressing every inch of her skin, leaving behind a trail of warmth and pleasure, which caused Arryn to shudder with ecstasy.

Asmodea's tongue was still between her legs, teasing and stroking her pussy and clitoris, the sensations were so intense that it was making her head spin, she was moaning uncontrollably as waves of pleasure were washing over her body, causing her to tremble and quiver as the Queen of Lust was using all her skills to make her cum.

Then the tentacles moved Arryn's body forward until Asmodea's lips touched her pussy and the snake tongue was fully buried inside the human girl's vagina, penetrating her deeply, as the other two tentacles reached her breasts, wrapping around her nipples and began to suck on them, pulling, and squeezing them, sending shivers down her spine. Asmodea was fucking her with her tongue, penetrating her with it as her mouth sucked on her clitoris while the other four tentacles were caressing her entire body: her breasts, her ass, her hips, and her legs.

It was overwhelming.

Asmodea was relentless, she was using all her power to pleasure Arryn and was determined to make her cum. Every stroke of her tongue was so intense that it made Arryn gasp for air and tremble with delight. It was almost too much for her to handle, and just as she was about to cum, the Queen stopped, leaving Arryn hanging on the edge.

"Not yet," Asmodea whispered and her tongue retracted back into her mouth and the tentacles lowered Arryn to the bed, then released her arms and legs. Asmodea folded her hands under her breasts and smiled seductively. The tentacles gathered in the area of her pussy and started to weave themselves into a thick, writhing mass. They were now shaped like a cock, and the tip of it was pointing directly at her entrance.

Arryn was still gasping for air, trying to catch her breath, her mind was spinning, her body was shaking, and her heart was racing as she was about to cum. Some more tentacles came out of Asmodea's back just to wrap themselves around Arryn's legs and spread them wide open.

"Ready?" Asmodea asked and looked at her with a playful smirk.

"Y-yes," Arryn was panting as she was struggling to form a word.

Asmodea giggled as the cock-shaped tentacles began to slide slowly into her wet pussy, filling her, stretching her, and pushing her to the edge. Arryn could only scream as the sensation was too much for her and she was so close, but was denied her release again. And then, the tentacle began to move inside her, pushing and pulling, and twisting, stimulating her sensitive parts, as the Queen of Lust was fucking her with her tentacles.

Asmodea's eyes were filled with lust and her smile was so mischievous as she was enjoying the sight of her tentacles penetrating the human girl: the pleasure was evident on Arryn's face: her eyes were half-closed, her cheeks were flushed, and her lips were trembling, as she was trying to hold back her orgasm.

"Oh, just let it go, Arryn," Asmodea said as she was looking at her and enjoying the sight of her human plaything being fucked by her tentacles.

"Aaaaa," Arryn moaned and screamed as the cock-shaped tentacles were pounding into her, thrusting deep inside her vagina. Asmodea was not satisfied and the tentacles increased the speed of their penetration, pushing harder and faster into Arryn's tight pussy, causing her to moan even louder, until she could no longer take it anymore, and with a cry, she exploded: her orgasm was so intense that her mind went blank and her body shook with spasms, her entire being was consumed by pleasure, and all she could do was to moan as her body was convulsing.

When the last tremors had subsided, Asmodea's tentacles pulled out of her and left her lying on the bed completely exhausted. Arryn was barely able to breathe and her mind was still reeling from the pleasure and the intensity of the experience, but Asmodea didn't give her any time to rest, and her body was lifted into the air once again. Three more tentacles appeared, two began to suck on her nipples while the third one slid itself into her anus.



Arryn gasped as she felt the tentacle entering her rectum: it was thick and slippery, it stretched her anal walls as it slowly penetrated her: it was both painful and pleasurable: the tentacle was moving back and forth: first slowly and then increasing the speed, its movements were strong and vigorous, and Arryn was moaning and screaming, as she was being fucked in both holes.

Asmodea knew the exact spots to stimulate and Arryn was lost in ecstasy. Then Asmodea moved her hand to the human's pussy and began to rub her clitoris. That was too much for her and Arryn had another orgasm. Feeling the tentacles exploring every part of her insides, her pussy, her anus, her clit, her mouth, her breasts, it was all too much, and she was losing control.

"Ahhhhh," Arryn screamed as her orgasm was so powerful that it was leaving her helpless. Asmodea was relentless: her fingers kept rubbing Arryn's clitoris: the stimulation was so intense that she was screaming with pleasure: "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

Then Arryn could no longer resist, and she orgasmed again, her mind was spinning, her body was trembling, and her voice was shaking, as she was overwhelmed by the intensity of the sensations, the tentacles were fucking her relentlessly, their thrusts were hard and fast, and her pussy was being penetrated deeply.

"More. I want more of your sweet honey," Asmodea said as her hands kept working on the human girl's sensitive parts, while tentacles kept pumping in and out of her holes, their thrusts were powerful, vigorous, and passionate, as they were fucking her like crazy: her vagina, her anus, her mouth, her tits, and her clitoris: there was no place left untouched: her whole body was being stimulated and her pleasure was growing: the feeling was so strong that it was almost too much for her to handle and she was losing control.

Then Arryn's body began to shake uncontrollably and her mind went blank as another orgasm hit her. The sensation was so powerful that it was like nothing else in the universe, and she started to convulse, as her whole being was consumed by pleasure, her limbs were twitching, her chest was heaving, and her eyes rolled back as she was losing herself to the ecstasy.

One of the tentacles slid out of Arryn's pussy and moved to Asmodea's mouth. Queen of Lust licked the sweet honey from the tentacle. The taste was so exquisite: the sweet nectar was like ambrosia: it was sweet, intoxicating, and addicting: she was craving for more.

"You taste so good," Asmodea whispered as her mouth engulfed the tentacle she was licking and began to suck on it, savoring the sweet honey that was dripping from it. "So delicious."

"F-fuck," was all Arryn was able to say before everything went black and her consciousness was lost.

When she opened her eyes again, Asmodea stood right in front of her, the tentacles were still inside, ramming and plunging deep into her holes, and the Queen was smiling seductively at her.

"Fuuuu... D-d-did I black out... F-f-f-for how long?" said Arryn as the Queen of Lust was pleasuring her. "F-fuck."

"An hour or two," Asmodea said, her voice was melodious, and she was smiling mischievously, as the tentacles continued to fuck the human girl mercilessly. "Don't worry, I'm almost done with you."

"Fuck... Mmmmmm..." Arryn tried to reply but the tentacle moved slid right into her open mouth and started to penetrate it. This time she noticed that the tentacles were dripping some liquid and the taste of it on her tongue made her feel drunk and euphoric. Then the tentacles in her pussy and anus increased their tempo: the Queen was fucking her harder, faster, and deeper, making her moan and scream with pleasure: "Mphhhhhhh!"

Arryn had no idea how many times she had orgasmed but the tentacles never stopped penetrating her and the pleasure was overwhelming.

"You like the taste, don't you? Fuuuuck! This is just a precum, acts like an aphrodisiac," said Asmodeus, as the tentacles continued to pound Arryn. The Queen of Lust was smiling, and her hands were caressing her own breasts, pinching her nipples: "Can't wait to see your face when you'll taste the cum."

"Cumpffff?!!," Arryn couldn't even form words as the tentacle in her mouth was pushing down her throat and hitting her gag reflex.

"Yes," said Asmodea with a smirk, and then she said: "And I am going to fill you up with my seed, and keep pumping you until you burst."

The tentacles kept pumping and Asmodea's fingers continued to rub her clit and Arryn was cumming again and again and again and again... There was no end in sight and she was losing her mind.

"And when you're full I'll suck it all out of you and start round two," said Asmodea, her smile was wide, her voice was hypnotic, and her fingers were rubbing her clitoris, driving her insane. "And round three. And four. And five. And six."

"No, no, no...d-deal," Arryn managed to say, her voice was shaky, her breathing was ragged, her body was covered in sweat, and her limbs were trembling as she was about to cum again. "M-mm-more."

Asmodea laughed softly: "Oh yes, dear. We will do this all night." Then she leaned closer and said: "You belong to me now."

A few more minutes of intense fucking, swearing, and screams later, the tentacles inside Arryn's pussy and anus began to pulsate, and with a few thrusts, the Queen of Lust finally orgasmed, and as she did, her seed flooded Arryn, on the inside and outside. The tentacles were filling her up and squirting their cum on her body. The liquid was sticky, thick, and white. It had a strong and pungent smell and was extremely viscous. Arryn couldn't believe the amount that was pumped into her, but the Queen wasn't done yet.

The flooding of Arryn's insides took almost ten minutes and by the fourth minute mark Arryn was so full that her stomach had bloated. The only sounds that could be heard were Asmodea's moans and Arryn's gulps mixed with the gushing of liquid inside of her every time she tried to move.

Unfortunately, the flexibility of the human body had its limits and the seed inside of her started to find any available escape route: through her nose, and mouth, and soon Arryn was drowning and choking on it.

"That's so hot," Asmodea whispered and the tentacles withdrew from her holes, leaving Arryn coughing, gasping, and shaking as she was lying on the bed,

Asmodea leaned down to the human's pussy. With a single lick, she gathered a big amount of the white, sticky substance that was dripping from the human's entrance, and then, she swallowed it.

"This is delicious," said Asmodea with a mischievous smile, and then, with a sudden motion, she wrapped her lips around Arryn's gaping pussy and started to suck everything out of her. It felt like a vacuum was being applied to her crotch. With every drop of cum leaving her body Arryn felt empty, useless, and incomplete. Asmodea's sucking was so intense that it was painful and the human couldn't help but scream: "Aaaargh!"

"Mmmmm," said the Queen of Lust as she sucked on the human's pussy and swallowed the cum that was leaking from it. Every drop. "It's so sweet, so good."

It almost felt like Arryn's organs were caught in the vacuum, leaving her just an empty shell, an empty husk. It was painful and at the same time, it felt so good, so incredibly good. It was a mix of pain and pleasure that was too much to handle. When Asmodea was finally done with the sucking and swallowing, she looked at the human's limp body and smiled widely.

"You look like a mess," said the Queen as she ran her finger over the human's lips and cheeks, gathering the spilled semen. "Let's fix that, shall we?"

"Wha-wha-what?" was all that Arryn was able to say, her mind was still hazy and her body was still trembling.

Asmodea touched her chin and chanted something, and with a flash, all the cum on Arryn's body was gone. Her body reversed back to normal, stretch marks vanished and her skin returned to its flawless and smooth condition. Asmodea was now sitting on the edge of the bed with a big grin on her face: "How do you feel?"

"Like...like new!" Arryn replied as she felt the Queen's magic washing away her exhaustion, pain, and fatigue, leaving her feeling refreshed, rejuvenated, and energetic.

"Good," said Asmodea and extended her hand toward the human: "Now, take my hand, we are going to meet the one who can help you."

"I...I thought we would continue...and..." Arryn said as she took Asmodea's hand and got off the bed. She was still aroused and her body was craving for more.

Asmodea chuckled and said: "I think you had enough, don't you?"

"Y-yes," Arryn stuttered and then added, "for now."

"Very well," said Asmodea with a smile, then her outfit was magically transformed into her usual attire, the dress that was barely covering her private parts. From her cleavage, she took a vial filled with the same sticky cum that flooded Arryn's holes earlier and offered it to her: "Here, a gift."

Arryn stared at the vial, her mind was blank, she had no idea what to say. She knew that the content of the vial was the semen that was just sucked out of her body, but why would Asmodea give it to her? Why did the Queen of Lust want her to have a vial filled with her own cum?

"Take it," said Asmodea as she shoved the vial into Arryn's hands and then said: "Add it to the morph you are planning to get. It will make everything much easier, trust me."

"Uhm, okay," said Arryn, and then, as if to confirm, added: "Will this...make me grow tentacles, like yours?"

Asmodea chuckled and said: "No. Don't worry. You won't grow tentacles."

With that Arryn's battle armor appeared on her body and Asmodea took her by the hand and touched one of the bricks on the wall. A secret door opened, and they stepped through it. A stair lit by dim purple candles on each side was revealed, leading downward. There was a strong scent of incense and other, more exotic smells. They went down, descending the steps, until they came to a stop at the bottom, where a door was waiting for them.

### *Part 3*

Asmodea opened the door and pushed Arryn into the room. It was small, windowless, and was lit by two candles hanging from the ceiling on a chain. In the middle was an arc, similar to the one in Arryn's pocket dimension.

"A portal?" Arryn asked as she looked at the arc.

"Yes," said Asmodea and then said: "The one you seek lives in my personal dimension."

"Who is this person?" Arryn asked again and looked at Asmodea with curious eyes.

"Her name is Morphemia," said Asmodea as she placed her hands on the human girl's shoulders. "When you see her, give her my regards."

Arryn just nodded as Asmodea continued: "Good, now, go and get what you desire, and do come back and see me...if you survive."

Arryn took a step closer to the portal and glanced over her shoulder at the Queen of Lust. The demoness just nodded, and then the human girl walked through the arc and disappeared into the void...

She stepped out of the portal into the courtyard of an immense castle. It was located in the middle of a valley surrounded by mountains that reached for the skies. The sky itself was purple while the sun was red like fire and there were no clouds visible. Everything looked like a scene from a fantasy novel, with lush, vibrant, and colorful flora, just like Luxuria but a thousand times more impressive, everything looked more like it came straight out of a fairy tale than reality.

Arryn looked up at the castle and was overwhelmed by its magnificence and splendor: its architecture was unique, the towers and walls were made of dark purple marble and the roof was made of a material that was shining as if it was made of stars. Then she took a step forward and realized that the ground was made of glass.

"And I thought my dimension was weird," said Arryn to herself, "but this is insane."

Suddenly, a voice was heard from the gate, and she saw a beautiful succubus dressed in an elegant black dress with gold accents approaching her. "You must be Arryn." the demoness said.

"Y-yes," Arryn answered. "And who are you?"

"It's an honor to meet The Hollow Walker, the one and only Arryn, savior of the Eternal King," said the demoness, bowing down, her black and purple hair falling down on her face. "I am Morphemia."

Arryn looked at Morphemia and noticed that her eyes were shining with golden light and the purple veins on her arms were pulsing. Her horns were curved and they had sharp tips. There

was something strange and alluring about the succubus's presence that was making it difficult for Arryn to think, so she just stood there, looking at her, without saying a word, until she managed to find the strength to ask: "I-is it you? Are you the one who can help me?"

Morphemia just nodded her head and said: "Come with me."

Morphemia led her to the main entrance of the castle where two large double doors opened without the demoness even touching them. Inside, the castle was filled with sculptures, paintings, and other forms of art. All portray one thing only: sex. Statues of naked couples entwined in a passionate embrace and paintings of succubi and incubi in erotic and depraved situations covered every inch of the castle walls.

"Queen of Lust is obsessed with sex, isn't she?" asked Arryn, staring at the sculptures and paintings with her eyes wide open and mouth gaping, not being able to believe what she was seeing, the only word to describe them was pure debauchery.

Morphemia just laughed: "Aren't you the same? That's why you came to her domain."

"Oh... I..." Arryn didn't know what to say. Was she the same as Asmodea? Was her desire so strong that it made her seek the help of the Queen of Lust? And if so, was that wrong? She was lost in thought, and just stood there, as if in a trance.

"Relax," said Morphemia as she touched the human's shoulder and smiled warmly at her. "There's nothing to be ashamed of."

"O-okay," Arryn stammered. They walked past maze-like corridors filled with paintings, statues, and erotic works of art until they stopped at an enormous double door with a giant black gem at the center and then it opened. As the door opened, Arryn could see a room full of unknown machines and devices: there was a large table made of stone, covered in various shapes and sizes of glass vials and other equipment: it was a lab filled with various ingredients and components of all kinds. But one device Arryn recognized in no time was a morph machine. Yet it looked different from the ones she saw before in Arkon, it was bigger, and had a much more advanced design.

Morphemia led Arryn to the table and then asked: "So, what is it you desire, Hollow Walker?"

"I want to grow a cock," said Arryn without any hesitation. "And balls and the package must be huge...you know what I mean."

"Interesting," said Morphemia with a smile as her hands traced over Arryn's body, and then added: "Are you sure about that?"

"Yes," Arryn replied as she felt the demoness's fingers gently touching her neck, then moving down her body and resting on her breasts. "I...I'm just so...I just need..." Arryn tried to explain, but no words were coming to her mind...

"It's okay, Arryn, it is not a problem," said the demoness with a smirk, and then asked: "And you said a huge package...how huge?"

"Very big...huge," Arryn said and then added: "As big as possible."

Morphemia chuckled as she listened to the human's request and then asked: "What if you end up with something so big and heavy that it'll be hard for you to move?"

"I'm stronger than I look," said Arryn and she was feeling very confident about the size of her future package, and then she asked: "Do you think you can make one?"

"Yes, of course, I can make that for you," said Morphemia and then asked: "But I need to know, is there someone on Terra who shares the physical traits you desire?"

"Well, there are trans people and shemales, but that's not what I want," said Arryn, and then added: "Why are you asking?"

"Because you will need a DNA sample of a creature sharing the traits you desire," explained Morphemia, then asked: "Preferably, from the part you wish to grow."

"Ehm..." said Arryn and then after a short moment she answered: "You mean a cum sample? Is that right?"

Morphemia just nodded, and with a gesture of her hands, two glass cylinders appeared, floating in the air in front of Arryn's eyes, and then she said: "Fill these containers with the seed. And remember, the "owner" must possess the desired, especially, the size in your case."

"Oh," Arryn said and she felt the heat rushing to her cheeks as she realized what Morphemia had meant earlier. "Where can I find the...person?"

"That is for you to find out," said Morphemia with a smirk on her face and then continued. "Go, gather the seed, and then, you can return, and I shall grant you your wish."

Arryn sighed deeply as she looked at Morphemia, then said with determination in her eyes: "Alright."

Arryn left the castle and sat under one of the trees in the courtyard, her mind was in a daze and she felt confused. There's no one on Earth with such big, huge, gigantic balls or cock to get a DNA sample. She needed to find someone with the traits she desired. Someone on Arkon.

"The biggest and bulkiest warriors should have the biggest cocks and balls," she muttered to herself. "Then I need to travel to Ira and see what they got."

So she created a portal and entered it...

Ira is a kingdom on the northern side of Infernum. It serves as a first line of defense against the creatures that live in Frozen Wastelands, an uninhabitable continent where the temperatures are always below zero. Ira is the only kingdom in Infernum that is solely focused on military power and has no need for other things. The only thing that was respected in Ira was strength and bravery, everything else was a waste of time.

There was no one who was interested in art, science, magic, and all those useless things: everyone was focused on training, honing their skills, and getting stronger. This is why the inhabitants of the kingdom were not considered to be the smartest and were mostly referred to as brutes with no manners. They didn't care about social etiquette and rules of diplomacy.

It was ruled by Satana, the elder daughter of Lucifer, and she had been in power for more than four thousand years. In all this time, no one had been able to overthrow her, mainly due to the fact that she was a powerful, maybe even the strongest demon alive on Arkon. Satana was said to have killed thousands of demons single-handedly, and those who had witnessed her in action swore that she was even more powerful than the Eternal King. But to every strength, there was a weakness and the weakness of the ruler of Ira was her uncontrollable rage. It made her go berserk on anyone and everyone who dared to provoke her, friend or foe, and everyone who got in the way was annihilated.

Satana's size, shape, and demeanor are so intimidating that her appearance itself could make any normal demon shit themselves, not to mention the way she treated others, even the strongest of them were afraid of her and dared not to oppose her. So her rule was unchallenged and unopposed for many centuries.

The morph she possessed just amplified her abilities. She would literally burn when enraged. Her skin was so hot that it was glowing red as if it was on fire and the only things that would be left were ash, cinders, and soot. Her physical strength was also so strong that it would cause earthquakes. Once, during The Omnious War, she got lost in the heat of battle, the temperature around her caused the metal to melt and turn to a molten liquid, and those unfortunate enough to be close to her were instantly turned to ash. That day, consumed by rage she destroyed thousands, and nearly half of them were her own allies...

Arryn entered Ira through a portal and as soon as she arrived, she saw a massive city stretching for miles around. No tall buildings. Ira looked like a Viking village, with houses, and barracks built in the old-fashioned, robust, and practical, with little concern for beauty, everything was practical. There were large forges for the weapons, and blacksmiths hard at work making them with hammers and anvils. And at the center of it all was The Coliseum. It was a huge structure that was built entirely out of stone. It was circular in shape, like an arena.

It was used for the purpose of blood sport, which was a common activity in Ira, and served as a palace for Satana as well as a training ground for warriors of all ranks.

The arena was large enough to accommodate more than five thousand people, which made it ideal for tournaments, competitions, and battles between warriors, gladiators, and champions, and today was no exception as there was a tournament taking place. Satana was sitting on a throne made of pure black steel that was surrounded by various decorations. A huge bonfire was blazing on either side of the throne.

Satana's body was muscular and covered with dark tattoos, her skin was crimson like blood and her eyes were glowing red: she was a very tall demon with a muscular physique, a very curvaceous figure with a massive ass, a narrow waist, abs that would put a washboard to shame, and breasts the size of her head, broad shoulders, and an even broader back. She had



long dark hair, and six horns protruding from the top of her head in pairs of two, two of her lower pairs of horns were pointing upward, while the rest were curved in an S shape. She was wearing an armor that barely covered her body, showing off her cleavage, abs, thighs, and arms. It was a perfect garment to show off her muscles that were bulging like boulders. It was almost as if every inch of her body was a weapon.

Beside her was a humongous warhammer resting on the floor: its head was shaped to resemble a dragon with large fangs, and it was almost as tall as the queen herself.

As she was sitting on her throne with a bored expression on her face as she watched the events that were taking place in the arena. Two contenders were fighting against each other and she didn't even bother to watch the fight and just let out a loud yawn and then, she started to stretch her muscular arms.

Then, there was a sudden commotion as one of the combatants lost and fell to his knees, his opponent then raised his axe and beheaded him. This seemed to pique her interest and she looked down with curiosity to see the winner of the fight: it was a burly demon who was covered in scars: he was almost eight feet tall with bulging muscles and thick bones.

The demon warrior raised his head, his eyes were blazing with bloodlust, and a vicious, sinister smile was plastered on his face.

"Satana! I am here to challenge you!" the demon warrior bellowed and then raised his axe above his head, with a roar he began to advance towards the throne of his ruler.

"Hmm..." was all the queen of Ira said as she stood up from the throne and began to walk down the stairs. She didn't even bother to take the warhammer with her, which was a clear indication that she wasn't interested in using her weapon against her opponent. She was confident in her own power.

"Today is my day, today, I will end the reign of this demon who is not worthy to rule!" the warrior roared, his eyes were bloodshot, his mouth was foaming and there was a crazy look on his face, which was a clear indicator of how bloodthirsty and battle-crazed he was. "I will rule Ira and all other kingdoms will fall to their knees!"

Satana reached the bottom of the stairs and looked down at the demon with a bored expression on her face: "Is that so?"

"Yes!" the warrior bellowed: "Yes!"

Satana didn't bother to reply and jumped straight into the arena, landing in front of her opponent. The impact was so strong that the ground cracked beneath her feet and a crater formed. It was as if the Earth itself trembled in fear when she stepped on the arena.

"Very well, let's see how far you can get," the demon queen said with a grin as she looked at the warrior who was staring at her with an expression that was now a mix of surprise, awe, and terror, he was trembling, and his whole body was shaking like a leaf.

"Yes...Y-Y-Yes!" the warrior stuttered and then swung his axe, it was a powerful strike that could cut through any normal opponent in an instant, but to his horror, and surprise, the axe shattered on impact against Satana's body as if it was made out of glass and she didn't even bother to dodge: "H-How?"

"That was your only chance," the Queen of Ira said as she stepped closer to the warrior: "And you failed."

With a sudden move, her hand reached out for the warrior's throat, her fingers wrapping themselves around his neck, then with a sudden squeeze, she crushed his trachea and ripped off his head with a sickening crunch, killing him instantly as his body fell on the ground with a thud.

"Anyone else wants to try and challenge me?" said the Queen as she raised the decapitated head of the dead warrior high above her head and then she crushed it like a melon as the blood and brains spilled down her body.

After a moment of silence, the crowd roared to life and was now shouting and screaming: "Satana! Satana!"

"Good thing we are friends," Arryn said to herself as she observed how Satana was killing the challenger, "I don't want to be on the receiving end."

And she was so mesmerized by the queen's display of power that she didn't realize that she was now in the queen's line of sight. When Satana noticed Arryn, she didn't say anything and just nodded at the human girl. Arryn responded with a smile and a nod too.

"The tournament is over!" the queen said, then looked up and down the arena. "Go back to your training and your homes!" and the people obeyed and began to disperse. Some, however, stayed behind, to collect the corpses, and clean up the blood and guts from the arena.

Satana approached her throne and grabbed the warhammer. It was so big that a normal person could barely lift it from the ground, yet, she did so without much effort and then walked towards the gate that led to her personal chamber. Arryn followed her closely, and as they entered the chamber, Satana closed the door behind them, sealing off the noise, and they were now in the private space of the queen.

The chamber was a simple room, with a large table and some chairs: a fire was blazing in the fireplace on the far side of the room. There were a few racks with weapons hanging on the walls. In one corner was a large bed. There were no paintings or tapestries on the walls or decorations on the floor. Everything was clean, simple, and practical, just like the rest of Ira.

"Arryn! So good to see you! I haven't seen you in ages," said Satana as she put her weapon down and approached the human girl: "I would've hugged you if not for this mess," she said with a grin and gestured towards her body covered in the blood and brains of the dead challenger.

"It is okay," said Arryn with a smile moving her hand forward for a handshake, "It's good to see you again, too, Satana."

Satana then moved to a basin and began to wash her face and arms. Arryn just watched the scene with curiosity as the Queen was removing all the gore, blood, and brain matter that was stuck to her body and was now being washed off of her in red streams that flowed to the floor and were being sucked up by a drain. Then she closed her eyes and concentrated for a second, tattoos covering her entire frame started to glow like embers and steam was emanating from her body, which was the signal of her demonic powers working. Within a second, her body was dry again and clean from all the mess from her battle earlier:

"So why did you come?" the demoness asked, her tone was serious, almost stern. "Is the realm in danger? Or did you want to visit an old friend?"

"Well, I did want to visit you, but that's not the main reason," Arryn replied, "And the realm is not in danger, as far as I know."

"Too bad...I'm so bored!" Satana said and then sat on the table. "I haven't had a proper challenge since I fought that beast in the Frozen Wasteland. That was so exhilarating!"

"We brought peace to this world," Arryn said, and then with a smile continued, "Why would you want war again?"

"Peace is boring!" the queen of Ira said with a sigh and then looked at Arryn with a smile and added: "How do I show off my strength and prowess?"

Arryn laughed and said: "I'm sure there's plenty of ways to show off your strength."

"Well, maybe," said Satana as she turned and walked to a cabinet on one of the walls, then pulled out a large jug of mead. "Do you want some?"

Arryn nodded as she moved to sit on one of the chairs, Satana grabbed two large mugs from another cabinet and then moved to join her friend at the table. After pouring the mead for both of them she said: "So why did you really come to visit me?"

"I...you will laugh if I tell you," Arryn said, she was blushing and she knew it was obvious by the crimson on her cheeks and neck, "I will tell you, but promise you won't laugh."

"Come on, Arryn, tell me!" Satana said with a playful smirk.

Arryn looked at the Queen's body, and as she stared at those muscles she said: "I...I want a cock and balls...that are big, massive, even."

Satana looked at the human girl for a few moments and then, to the human's surprise, stood up and pulled off her loincloth, and unstrapped the plate that covered her nether region. As soon as it was removed, a massive, flaccid cock dropped to the ground with a loud smack, followed by a pair of humongous testicles that hung down to her knees. Arryn was surprised to see such an immense dick hanging between the muscular demoness's legs, it was so thick that it looked

grittier than Satana's thigh, it was flaccid but she already could see the bulging veins covering every inch of it. The whole shaft was covered in the same dark tattoos as Satana's body, not to mention two rows of metal piercings that decorated it. The head was so wide and long that it looked like a huge fist, and the testicles, that was even bigger, were easily the size of the Queen's head.

Arryn felt her pussy clench in excitement: she wanted it so much that she started to get wet as she stared at the gargantuan shaft and balls. it was the biggest cock she has ever seen in her life...

Satana smirked and asked, her eyes glinting with amusement, as she saw the expression on her human friend's face, "So...you want something like this? Is that right?"

Arryn looked up to her friend and then back at her monstrous cock and nodded and said: "Yes. But not that big."

"Too big? No such thing as too big," Satana said as she wrapped her hands around her huge dick and gave it a few pumps. Arryn's mouth watered as she stared at the veins that were bulging even more now, and the Queen's massive shaft was beginning to swell.

"That thing is longer than my whole body, Satana," Arryn said and then added with a laugh, "If I to grow something that big I won't be able to use it on anyone on Earth."

"It's not that big," Satana said with a chuckle and then moved her hand down and squeezed one of the monster's testicles with her other hand and then continued: "Look at how much seed I produce with just a simple handjob."

The massive sack that was now hanging between her legs was visibly shaking, as the testicles within were churning with thick, sticky semen, Satana pumped her hands up and down her shaft, making it even bigger, and thicker and the head was now throbbing with need. A fat bead of pre-cum formed on the tip of the monstrous member and dripped down the underside of it.

Satana moaned in pleasure as she was massaging her massive rod, "I hope you don't mind a little demonstration. Besides, I haven't been with anyone lately and I need to drain my balls, you don't mind, right?"

"O-of course," Arryn said with a stutter, unable to look away from the enormous, pulsating magnificence that was right in front of her: it was so big, so long...

"Good," Satana said with a grin, and then her hand started to pump her massive member even faster. Pre-cum was now streaming down the underside of her shaft like a waterfall: "Because this will get really messy, really quick."

Arryn's mouth watered, her heart was pounding in her chest and she could feel her own pussy throb in response to what she was seeing. Then, just as she was about to speak, Satana let out a low groan, and a torrent of white, sticky liquid erupted from her monster cock. It was as if a

volcano of jizz just exploded as thick, rope after rope of hot, creamy semen gushed out of the giant's rod: "Fuuuuuck!" the Queen of Ira cried out in pleasure.

Arryn watched with wide eyes and gaping mouth the amount of sperm that was splashing against the table, forming a lake of thick jizz in just a few seconds, then it overflowed, and a wave of hot semen flowed down on the floor, forming a thick, viscous river, then, she heard a loud splash, and she looked down, and realized that a thick puddle of spunk had just formed under her legs, and the river of spunk had formed a large lake that was now engulfing the human girl's feet.

"S-Satana!" Arryn stammered: "You will drown me with cum!"

Satana just let out a chuckle as she continued to jerk her huge shaft: "Just watch."

Arryn couldn't help but obey, the sight before her was just so enthralling, it was like a spectacle, a performance, an art. And the fact that she was standing in the lake of cum was so lewd and obscene, it was just too much for her to take, and she just couldn't help herself as she spread her legs and started to touch herself, as her fingers started to move between her pussy lips. Then she started to move her other hand down on her chest and grabbed one of her breasts and started to play with it.

Satana let out a low chuckle as she saw her friend pleasuring herself while the white river of sperm was still gushing out of her member like a geyser, Arryn didn't care, she didn't care about anything at this point, she was lost in the moment as she watched Satana jerk her massive cock with one hand and then another. As the minutes passed and the amount of semen didn't show any signs of diminishing, she added her other hand and the pumping became even more vigorous:

"Are you enjoying the show, Arryn?" said Satana, and she smiled with a smirk. "It looks like you are."

"F-f-fu-fu-fuck," was all Arryn could muster to say, as she was overwhelmed by the lewd scene before her, and the thick puddle of semen was now at the level of her ankles and it was getting deeper and deeper. The whole chamber was now engulfed by a thick blanket of spunk and she was standing there in the middle of the scene.

"Mmmm, so good, so good!" Satana let out a groan of pleasure, and her hands started to pump even faster. With every pump of her massive member, more and more semen was flowing down the river of jizz, making it bigger, thicker, and deeper: "So... fucking... good!"

Arryn couldn't help herself anymore. She wanted to touch that devilish tool so badly, it was so massive, and so long. She wanted to feel how it would throb against her hand as it was gushing out all the pent-up jizz. With her whole body trembling, she walked up to the Queen, her steps causing ripples on the lake of semen as her feet were now completely engulfed by it, then, she was finally standing before the giant cock that was gushing out all the spunk in such an obscene manner.

Satana looked at her with a grin: "Want a taste?"

Arryn didn't even have to say a word as she immediately grabbed the gigantic shaft with her hands and started to stroke it with such passion and vigor that Satana couldn't help but let out a long groan of pleasure, which only motivated Arryn even more, as she pumped and pumped and pumped, as the monstrous rod was pumping out all the sperm like a volcano. Satana's cock felt hot, literally, almost burning to the touch and it was throbbing with need and excitement. The smell of sex and arousal was so thick and intoxicating that it made the human girl dizzy with lust.

"Yes, milk me dry, Arryn!" Satana moaned and let out a long groan as Arryn pumped her member even faster, making the stream of semen gush even harder: "Yes!"

It took minutes for the stream of jizz to stop and for it to reduce to just a slow dribble of sperm, but the puddle underneath was now up to her knees. Satana let out a satisfied moan as Arryn let go of the gigantic cock with one last stroke. "That was fun."

Then Arryn looked at her own hand covered in thick, viscous spunk and before she realized what was happening, she lifted her hand up to her face and sucked on one of her fingers that was covered in the seed that was still oozing out of Satana's member in a thick, slimy river, and then another finger, and another. It tasted so good, and the sensation of it being so thick and gooey and the musky smell was just so intoxicating, it was too much to handle.

Satana looked at Arryn with an amused smile: "It tastes good, right?"

Arryn didn't answer but kept licking her hand with such passion as if she was trying to get every single drop of the delicious treat that was the jizz from Satana's monster rod. This made Satana even more amused as she stroked her monstrous member which was still hard, even after all this time: "Take a few drops of my seed with you and bring it to your morph master. If you add it to the mix, it will give you what you desire."

"It's too big,,but...but this could be just what I need," Arryn said to herself as she was sucking on her fingers. "Fuck it, even if I grow a cock that is bigger than me, it doesn't matter...I want it."

With her mind now made up, she took two vials given to her by Morphemeia and placed the first one right below the gaping urethra.

Satana flexed her muscles and the urethral sponge bulged outward before releasing a glob of semen that filled the vial and overflowed from it: "Here you go, now get the second one," she said with a smirk as Arryn quickly switched the full vial with an empty one and watched as Satana flexed once more to fill the second container with her jizz, then with a satisfied grunt, Satana pulled away.

"There," she said as she watched Arryn put the two vials away, then continued: "I hope that you get what you wanted."

"I think I will," said Arryn as she stared at Satana's cock which was still erect, it was just too big, so long, and so thick...

"Sure you don't want to know how this thing feels? It'll be our little secret." the Queen said with a grin as she pointed at the giant cock and balls hanging between her legs and added: "There's plenty to share."

"Fuuuuck...I...I want it so much, but it's so fucking huge," Arryn said with a groan and then let out a deep sigh: "It'll split me in half."

Satana laughed and then said with a smirk on her face, "Maybe you're right, maybe this thing will just split you in two."

Then she reached down and started to pump her monster cock once more, it was already hard, so hard, and the smell of sex and arousal was just so strong and intoxicating...it was too much for Arryn to resist, even though she was aware of how dangerous and insane it was, even though she was well aware that it would hurt like hell when this monstrous shaft enters her small pussy.

In between her intense masturbation, Satana noticed that Arryn was standing there with a dreamy look in her eyes as she watched her. It was almost as if she was hypnotized by the scene and unable to take her eyes away from the gargantuan cock.

"I'm going to do this for a while, Arryn," Satana said as she kept on pumping her shaft even faster now, the pre-cum was now dripping on the floor with every pump. "You can leave if you want to."

There was no reply. Satana wasn't even sure if Arryn heard her as her mind was lost in the lust and lewd scene of Satana pleasuring herself.

"Arryn?" Satana called again. Still no reply. She snapped her fingers a few times. "Hey! Wake up! Arryn!"

"Wha-wha-what?" said Arryn and she woke up from the trance. "Sorry, it's just too fucking hot...What did you say?"

Satana just laughed as she kept pumping her cock. "You can go and use my gift. I'll stay here for a while."

Arryn's mind was so muddled, so overwhelmed with the thick musk of arousal and lust that was surrounding her, so confused, so overwhelmed by the need and desire to touch the huge cock in front of her, to taste it and feel it deep inside of her. But at the same time, she knew she should just leave.

"O-Okay...I-I should go..." Arryn stuttered as she took a step back and then turned to walk away: "S-See you."

"Bye!" Satana replied as she was still stroking her huge rod with her one hand and then she added, with a playful tone in her voice: "Enjoy."

Arryn turned to walk away and then she started to run towards the exit. She could feel her own pussy throb, as well as her whole body trembling with the desire to feel that monster cock inside of her, to feel it throb and pulsate as it spewed its hot load deep within her womb. She couldn't think straight, and before she knew it, she was outside of the castle and standing next to one of the trees in the courtyard.

She closed her eyes, took a few deep breaths, and tried to regain some composure, then she created a portal that led to the Palace of Lust.

"Okay...let's get this over with," said Arryn with a deep breath and stepped through it. A few moments later she was standing in Asmodea's throne room...in the middle of an orgy.

Screams and moans of pure pleasure filled the chamber as countless bodies were engaged in various sex acts. Asmodea was at the center, her tentacles spread across the throne room like spider webs, impaling and penetrating the countless bodies and sucking the juices out of them: "Welcome, Arryn," said the Queen, without stopping what she was doing and then continued: "Just in time, you can join the orgy."

"Nope, Thanks for the offer," Arryn said, and then she looked around. The countless incubi and succubi were on the floor and walls with tentacles penetrating and violating every single part of their body. They were all screaming with ecstasy as they were getting filled countless amount of times by those same tentacles: "Fucking hell..." she muttered, "That is...I don't think I can get used to this."

Asmodea didn't say anything and just continued to fuck the countless bodies around her with her countless tentacles. Arryn watched with interest as she observed the tentacles going in and out of those holes.

"I've got all I need, can you open a portal to Morphemeia?" said Arryn as she showed the Queen of Lust the two vials filled with semen. "Please?"

"Sure, anything to stop you from disturbing my fun," Asmodea said with a chuckle as one of her tentacles slithered towards Arryn and drew a familiar symbol in the air, then said: "Enjoy."

As soon as the portal was created, Arryn stepped through it...

When she got out, she was right inside Morphemia's lab. Morphemia was already waiting for her. As she was staring at Arryn with a smile, her eyes glowing with golden light.

"So, how was your journey?" said the morph master with an amused smile, then, she said in a sarcastic tone: "Was it productive?"

"More than you think," Arryn said with a grin on her face as she presented the two vials of thick and sticky cum. "We got two samples."

"Wow...Satana?" asked the demoness with a curious expression on her face as she studied the two vials that were now on the table in front of her: "I'm surprised you are still walking after mating with her."



"I didn't," Arryn said with a laugh and then, she took off her pants, revealing her drenched pussy: "But I really, really wanted to."

Morphemia couldn't help but smile as she was examining Arryn's glistening and soaked pussy lips. Then she looked up and said: "Alright then, let's see if the cock you desire can be achieved."

Arryn just nodded, and then, Morphemia pointed to the circular plate on the floor.

"Oh, I forgot about this thing," Arryn said with a smile and took the vial gifted to her by Asmodea, "Use this one too."

Morphemia was taken aback for a moment and then she smiled: "Interesting...Asmodea's cum." and then added: "This might be a dangerous combination...are you sure you want to use it?"

Arryn just nodded and said with a grin on her face: "Yeah...she said it would help."

Morphemia smiled, took the three vials, and placed them on her desk.

"Okay, now, undress and step onto the circle." said the demoness and as Arryn chanted a spell that made her armor and underclothes disappear, revealing her naked form, and she walked towards the circular plate on the floor and placed one of her feet on it, and then, the other. Surface was cold but that was the least of her worries right now.

"What now?" said Arryn with a nervous look on her face.

"Stay still," said Morphemia, with her voice echoing around the chamber, "This might take some time."

With a press of a button on her desk something similar to a holographic panel appeared before her eyes and the demoness began to type some commands into the terminal. First, a small hexagon-shaped panel rose from the ground beside the circular panel where Arryn was standing.

"What's this?" said the human with a curious expression on her face.

"That is a sample collector," said Morphemia, her eyes fixed on the holographic panel, "Contents of your vials will be placed there."

Next, Morphemia stood up from her chair, grabbed the vials, and carefully poured content on each into a hole in the middle of the hexagon, and then she returned to the console. As she did so, the contents of the vials began to glow as they were being analyzed and processed by the device.

"Good." said the demoness. "Very good, everything is ready, now, let us begin."

Arryn gulped and closed her eyes, then she started to focus on the task at hand. With a press of a button, a thick green beam of light engulfed Arryn's body from below. Then six rings made out of arkonium with runes inscribed on the inner sides lifted up from the edges of the circular platform Arryn stood on.

"Wow! Six infusers? I've never seen a morph machine this advanced before!" said Arryn, with an expression of amazement on her face: "How did you do all this?"

"It is one of a kind, built and modified by yours truly." said the demoness as she typed away on the holographic terminal. Then she pressed a final button, and the whole construction started to rotate ninety degrees. Arryn was no longer standing on her feet but levitating in mid-air.

It looked like Arryn was floating in the middle of a tube made of pure energy which was stabilized by the six rings evenly spread around the "tube". The force field inside held her steady and immobile, so there was no chance of her accidentally moving as the process began.

"This is going to hurt, a lot," said Morphemia, without taking her eyes off the holographic display in front of her.

"I can handle it," said Arryn with determination. "Let's do this."

Morphemia pressed another button and a swarm of micro-needles emerged from the "tube" and they all plunged into Arryn's body. There were thousands of them. Each needle was made up of pure energy, and the only reason why Arryn didn't scream from the penetration was that the shock of so many needles hitting her all at once made her pass out before she had time to register what was happening.

"Pff...I can handle pain...blah, blah," said Morphemeia as she shook her head with a grin on her face, "So much for a tough girl."

Once Arryn was unconscious Morphemia pressed yet another button and the needles started to inject the contents of the vials directly into Arryn's body through micro-channels inside of them. There was no sound to indicate when this happened. Just a flash of blue light on each of the needles as the contents were transferred:

"Phase one...successful." said the demoness as she read the holographic display on her panel and then typed on the terminal some more.

The needles disappeared and the rings started to glow with blue lights and moving side to side along Arryn's body, nearly collapsing into each other, but never quite touching.

"Now the hardest part. Fusing her DNA with the samples," said the demoness as she kept on typing commands on the holographic terminal.

The sudden pain awoke Arryn and she looked down with shock as she was suspended in mid-air.

"Fuuuck! It hurts! So much!" cried Arryn as she was writhing in pain. Tears ran down her cheeks as she felt her skin burn from inside as if it were on fire. Her cells were rebuilding themselves, forming new ones, modifying the existing ones. Her body was being torn apart, and then, pieced back together. That's how it felt.

"What the hell are you doing to me!?" she screamed at the morph master who didn't even look up to reply.

The next few minutes were filled with Arryn's screams of pain as her body was being reassembled, and the blue light from the rings was becoming so intense that it was burning her eyes.

"I don't want this anymore!" she screamed, with tears and saliva flowing down her face. "Just end this, please!"

"There is no turning back now, Hollow Walker," said Morphemia, her fingers flew across the holographic terminal. "You either survive this or die."

After a moment of silence and another burst of agony from Arryn that ended with her falling unconscious again.

Morphemia sighed and said: "This is going to be a long night." then she continued typing commands into the terminal.

Countless hours later, during which the only thing heard was Arryn's agonized screams, Morphemeia pressed a final button and then with a satisfied look on her face, she said: "Phase two is successful."

"H-h-how many more of these phases?" said Arryn as she was barely conscious from the pain. It felt like she had been skinned alive and her body was now being repaired by Morphemia. She felt so weak and dizzy that she couldn't even open her eyes anymore.

"Phase three. Last one," said Morphemeia as she looked down at the girl's body and continued. "Growth phase. It is the worst one, but it has to be done."

Arryn groaned and with great effort opened one of her eyes and said with a strained voice, "Do it."

Morphemia sighed, then pressed the button and said: "Hold on, it is going to be intense."

As she did, the glow from the rings turned purple, and within seconds, Arryn felt a piercing pain in her crotch. In fact, the pain spread all over her body, but it peaked around her lower abdomen.

"Gyaahhhh!" she screamed with all her remaining strength and then fell unconscious again as the pain became too much to bear.

Morphemia observed how a huge cock began to grow between Arryn's legs, it was growing, and growing, and growing, it was longer, thicker, and even thicker as it kept on expanding to unimaginable size. In fact, below the impressive phallus, two even bigger testicles the size of a human head were growing with intense speed. As they grew bigger they stretched the scrotal skin that was forming around the massive gonads.

"Impressive...very impressive," said Morphemia to herself, as she kept checking the holo display for Arryn's vitals and the course of the morph.

But it didn't stop there. Arryn's muscles grew slightly as well: her biceps, and abs becoming more defined and toned than they were before, while her chest expanded slightly and her breasts grew in size, not much, just enough to be noticeable. All of this was a result of Satana's semen being injected into Arryn's body and fusing with it. Morphemia rapidly typed some commands into her holographic terminal as the cock continued to expand even further. Her goal was to control the morph so it would not turn Arryn into a hulking beast like Satana. Focusing the morph on a cock alone, with some slight muscle growth to maintain Arryn's physical capabilities.

The "growth" phase took a few hours more, during which Arryn did not regain consciousness. At the end of the transformation, Arryn's newly formed cock shot out thick rope after thick rope of semen into the air, filling the entire room with its smell and covering the morph device as well as Morphemeia who took a sample and immediately began to analyze it on her desk, completely unfazed by the sudden ejaculation that happened just a few feet away from her.

After the analysis was done, she checked the holographic display once more, "Success..." said the demoness as she stood up and walked up to Arryn and carried her limp body to a bed in one of the adjacent rooms and put her on it. She prepared some mixture of herbs in a vial with some water, poured it into Arryn's mouth, and then said: "This should help you with the recovery, little human."

Then, she just sat on the bed beside her, patiently waiting for the girl to wake up.

...

"Urgh..." Arryn groaned as her consciousness started to return. Her mind was fuzzy, and everything was spinning in her vision as she opened her eyes.

Morphemia was beside her, a satisfied expression on her face, as she said, "Welcome back, Hollow Walker."

"W-what happened?" Arryn said, her vision still blurry, then, as she started to gain more lucidity, she realized she was now on a bed.

"Your morph was a success. You gained what you desired and even more," said the demoness with an amused tone.

"F...f...fuck...even more? What do you mean? Even more?" said Arryn as she sat on the bed. "It was only supposed to give me a cock and balls."

"Your muscles grew slightly, your skin became as hard as steel. Your physical strength grew," Morphemeia said and then added: "All thanks to Satana's cum. But also, thanks to Asmodea's essence, your precum cum both have some special properties."

Arryn just stared at her with a stunned expression on her face, unable to process what was just said to her.

Morphemia laughed and said: "Yes. They serve as an aphrodisiac, a powerful one. Affected by your sexual fluids, other cells become more stretchy and receptive, and your partners become even more horny. Not just that, fluids are full of pheromones and their smell will drive your victims mad with lust."

Arryn just looked at her with wide eyes and then down to her lower region...there was a humongous cock and a set of massive testicles dangling down beneath it...

"So...Am I a walking sex machine now? Fuck..." said Arryn as she kept staring at her now massive cock. "YES!!! YES!!! YES!"

She just started laughing as she kept staring at her now gargantuan rod with a pleased look on her face, it was much smaller than Satana's, but it was just perfect in Arryn's eyes. "Fucking yes, I have what I wanted!"

With those words, she jumped off the bed and chanted a spell. Her formal clothes appeared on her body and she hugged Morphemia tightly.

"Thank you!" said Arryn with a big smile on her face.

"You're welcome," said Morphemia, with an amused smile, then continued. "Now go and use your new "toy", Hollow Walker."

Arryn looked up at the demoness and said: "Oh, I will."

With that said Arryn opened a portal that led to the roof of her apartment in Winterheaven and jumped straight into it...